PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

BILL NYE UNBOSOMS HIMSELF ABOUT A FEW NOTABLES.

He Writes of Globe Trotter Train, His Close Friend the Prince of Wales, Remington from Rochelle and a Man Who Was Known as Bob Ingersoll.

HATTERTOWN, CONN.

It has occurred to me that this letter may be pardoned for being a trifle personal. In the past eleven months I have traveled a little over 24,000 miles, and so, quietly stranded here in the beautiful trout country, where, as soon as you get out of hearing of one babbling brook, you immediately get into the diocese of another one, it seemed to me that a chapter made up this week of brief personals regarding some of the well known people who during the past year or two have taken my little hand in theirn and looked into my massive face would not be amiss.

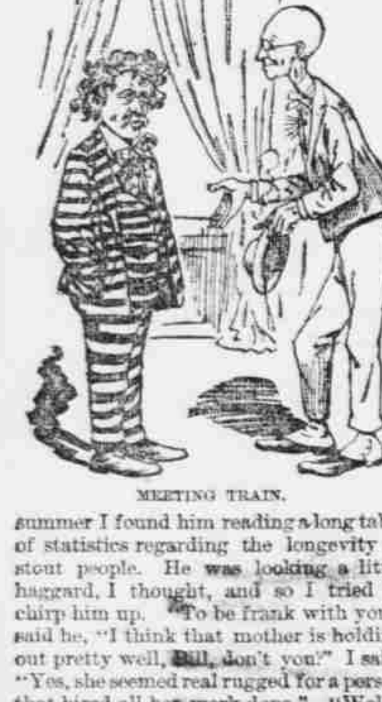
I happened to be in Boston last winter when George Francis Train was liberated from jail. He was sitting in a hotel office "suffering himself to be admired." His recent trip around the world brings him once more to our notice. At that time he was just getting out after an agreeable and successful confinement in the Boston Bastile, during which he succeeded in attracting a good deal of attention in one way and another. He had tried on being liberated to purchase a suit of convict stripes, which he might wear upon debutting; but Boston does not keep an assortment of this kind of goods; so George, who has lived in New York for a long time, where you can run around the corner anywhere almost and get a suit of striped clothes, with a Waterbury watch as a premium, was disappointed. He therefore had to buy a suit of broad stripe seersucker, and with a carnation in his buttonhole he broke forth on the winter air like a lily of the valley in search of an open Polar sea. He wrote a verse of poetry for me with red, blue and green pencils. It is not good poetry, but it is bright and cheerful to look at. Mr. Train is never so bright and chipper as when he is occupying the public eye. But it is rather irritating to the public eye sometimes, I think. George would also like the eye of the speaker most all of the time if he could have it. I do not think he is really crazy, but at times I think that a little disinfectant would help his poetic feet.

In Danbury, Conn., there stands a modest two story brick building, across the front of which in golden script you read

THE DANBURY NEWS.

The paper was the pioneer in its line of household humor. Every day a handsome, thoughtful man, with iron gray hair, comes down to this building and manages the paper. He does not try to be funny. He knew when he had enough. That is James M. Bailey, who made his mark upon the current literature of his time and then quietly resumed the business of publishing an evening paper with no features to it, just as though he had always done so. Mr. Bailey is an unwilling victim of the baseball scourge, for he is one of the local board, I think, or something of that kind, and owns stock in a club, while he doesn't really know how many strikes a side has before it is out, and still thinks that you have got to raise a blood blister on a player with the ball when he is off the "gool" in order to get him. Mr. Bailey claims yet that a player who is simply disabled by the ball is not out. He held no later than last season, while umpiring a game at Bridgeport, that in order to put out a man who is running the bases the ball should strike him in a vital spot.

The Prince of Wales in the past year is looking more thoughtful, I think, than formerly. When I ran in upon him last



MEETING TRAIN.

summer I found him reading a long table of statistics regarding the longevity of stout people. He was looking a little haggard, I thought, and so I tried to chirp him up. "To be frank with you," said he, "I think that mother is holding out pretty well, Bill, don't you?" I said, "Yes, she seemed real rugged for a person that hired all her work done." "Well," said he with a sigh, "it seems a little tough, I think, for that young German rooster to be running a whole empire at his age, whilst I'm liable to become a grandfather soon and don't know even what a throne feels like. I think," said he, thoughtfully, as he disengaged a golden hair (evidently off the sunny head of his chief typewriter) from the fringe of his epaulet, where it had in some way become entangled, "that the chief charm about a successful reign is to know when to quit. I've seen monarchs that meant well and did well enough, but who held on to the throne like a pup to a root, as you so chastely put it in one of your letters which I was reading to Alick at the breakfast table."

"Alick?" said I. "Who the royal highness is Alick?"

"Oh, Alick is the princess. But don't you think yourself, as between man and man, that monarching, like everything else, can be overdone?"

I said it could, and that if I could have my way there wouldn't be any of it. "A nice little nincoompoop can always be found ready to rule over a nation," says I, "and it's just as well for the people to choose him and then change him when they get tired of him. People like to have even their nincoompoops changed once in a while."

The prince when he dresses up wears a short tail scarlet coat with a white leather Sinch to it, and looks like a rib roast with a twine string around it.

William Lightfoot Visscher is a newspaper man perhaps 45 years of age, and though I am not reminded of him, especially by the Prince of Wales, yet Visscher is so generally known among newspaper men from New York to Puget sound that I venture to speak of him here as a popular candidate for prince as soon as Russell Harrison's term expires. Visscher is peculiarly sensitive about his nose, and that is why I do not speak of it here. It is a bright, Italian sunset nose, which does him a cruel injustice, for it is not really an alcoholic bugle, though frequently mistaken for one by strangers. It has done him much in-

ROCHELLE REMINGTON.

jury among temperance societies and weakened his influence with them where otherwise he could have done them much good. A mining nabob of San Francisco, for whom Visscher had done a great favor, as he is mighty apt to do for most anybody, once gave him a pointer by which he was able to make several thousand dollars. Mr. Visscher had long desired to astonish southern California with a meritorious drama and thoroughly great company. So he bought a fine team or two, and getting some nice new scenery painted he started due south from San Francisco as the crow flies. In seeking to elevate the stage of southern California, however, the pry seemed to slip out and catch the enterprising elevator by the fingers. So, gradually he sold one diamond stud after another, and instead of driving them tandem he drove them single, and finally had nothing left but his other team.

First he sold his scenery,
Then his thunder and lightning machinery.

And so, finally, as autumn stole down from her great laboratory and paint shop and began to decorate the woods with her beautiful dyes, Mr. Visscher's leading man secured a job in a barber shop, his leading lady began to wait on the table at the Henn house, in southern California; the low comedian got a job "off bearing" in a brick yard, and Mr. Visscher thoughtfully felt his way back to San Francisco as a phrenologist.

He is now rapidly becoming very wealthy as one of the principal owners of Fairhaven, a beautiful and booming town on the coast, where they blow out a dozen or so pine trees today and tomorrow there is an opera house on the ground.

Everybody who knows anything about western life, and even those who do not, have admired and praised the spirited pictures of the plains by Frederick Remington. Naturally you would expect to find the talented artist a man about 50 years of age, but he is apparently under 30, with a round, jolly face and a general boyish look. He is the first cowboy and bronco and Texas steer artist who has put vitality into those wild denizens of the plains and eliminated that pasteboard, Noah's ark style of animal which, as Emerson used to so tersely put it, tends toward giving one a pain. Remington lives at New Rochelle, where the Rochelle salts are made, and regards himself as one of the Rochelle salts of the earth, no doubt. For brain fag he comes down to New York and fishes off the dock.

Walter Hoboken McDougall, who has earned a world wide reputation by drawing a terse but grossly libelous caricature of the writer, is a slight blonde with a white flannel suit. He has the air of a man about town, and though openly abusing the English toady he frequently rolls up his flannel panties at the bottom as he reads the London weather reports. He dresses very beautifully and may be seen tripping gayly to his work at half-past six in the morning, trudging up to The World office with an armful of choice sketches and a bright new dinner pail containing homemade bread and molasses, doughnuts with apertures in them and a small flask of milk. He attributes much of his success to his wise choice of good subjects for illustration, industry, patience and the use of fine cut tobacco as a gentle tonic.

Frederick Burlingame Opper, the brilliant and versatile artist of Puck, is a young man, and also a small blonde, who parts his pleasant hair in the middle and pokes fun at people in a profitable manner. He also writes a funny letter when he tries. On a pleasant day, when the toil of the morning is over, one may occasionally meet the evangelical Bunner, Opper and Taylor at a drug store up near Houston and Broadway, where they are drinking flavored wind and conversing freely with the tradespeople who pass in and out, giving them a pleasant nod of recognition ever and anon.

Kemble, who makes the characteristic jays and coons of The Century, is young and good looking, with a dark mustache and a bright Pan-American look of keen observation and the air of one who isn't going to let any point get away.

De Grimm is older and more distingue, with a slight mustache and a quick, nervous way. He makes a very clear, good portrait and works very rapidly. But I didn't intend to dwell so long on the artists.

When I first came to New York a friend of mine who is in the furniture business asked me if I had ever met Bob Ingersoll. I said I had not, though I had read quite a number of his pieces in the paper, from which I had gathered that he was a little bit inclined to liberality in religious matters and quite an iconoclast in regards to a self-supporting hell.

I had never heard him lecture or even seen him in my life, so I was anxious to see him and hear him talk. My friend said he would take pleasure in introducing me some time, for Bob would like real well to see me also, as he had so expressed himself.

So one day, on a street car, my friend rose up suddenly and said, "There he is now, and he is going to get aboard!" Sure enough the man got on our car, and it was but the work of a moment to introduce us to each other. We rode from away up on Madison avenue to near Canal street, where he got off, and we talked freely on various matters during that time. I asked him if he had seen any reason to change or modify his religious views during the past year or so, and he said he certainly had not. He was still, he hoped, a consistent Presbyterian and living up to the best of his lights. I inquired if he still retained his belief as to the impracticability of maintaining a paying system of international and eternal punishment. He said he had never had any fears or doubts concerning the profitable and permanent existence of such an institution, and saw no reason for changing his belief regarding it.

He was rather crisp and tart in his replies, I thought, and so I apologized for speaking to him so plainly, but said I hoped I had given him no offense, as I had always understood that he was extremely liberal regarding a hell.

"I am," said he. "Liberal is no name for it. No one can ever charge me with having been parsimonious in this matter. I have no shadow of a doubt about the existence of a place of eternal punishment, and I am that liberal regarding it that no disbeliever has ever been turned empty handed away from my door."

"And are you still a radical and rabid Republican, first, last and all the time?" I inquired.

"No, sir. I am a Mugwump, if you please," he said, with fine scorn. "I don't care if all the other Mugwumps go to Canada, or change their names, or turn over their property to their wives; I shall live and die a Mugwump, pure and simple. I do not care for office, and I do not care for political preferment, but I can put my hand on my heart and say truthfully that I have been politically pure. My record would not soil the finest fabric. We held a mass meeting of Mugwumps only last week in a hall bedroom up town, and we decided that come what might we would cast our ballots in the direction of reform."

Just then we got to his street and he got off. He gave me his card as he left us, and a few days after I called on him at his place of business, just off the Bowery, to get him to explain his conversation and peculiar views. I found that he was a small tradesman down town, and not the Bob Ingersoll who cherishes doubts on the subject of infant damnation. His name is Robert Ingersoll, it seems, but he had never written pieces criticising Moses or lectured on "The Magnificence of Divine Wrath."

He was a simple minded, plain American citizen of limited information, and I had to spend some considerable time explaining to him who I was!

Bill Nye

How He Lost a Client.

Corkins—Hello, McStab, old boy! How are you? Say, by the way, tell me how to manage that crusty old hunks that lives next door to me. He threatens to sue me because the water runs off my lot onto his.

Lawyer McStab (who suspects Corkins of trying to get advice gratis)—You ought to consult an attorney.

Corkins—I will. Thank you. (Goes to lawyer's office across the way.)—Chicago Tribune.

The Best of German Make.

A fisherman quietly fishes away amid a crowd of interested spectators. At last they grow impatient.

"Look here," says one of them to the angler, "why don't you hurry up and catch something? Do you think we've got nothing to do with our time but watch you?"—Fliegende Blatter.

An Implied Compliment.

Forester out with a city gentleman hunting. The latter shoots and misses a deer.

"Ah, your excellency, if you aimed at that tree it was certainly a master shot."—Fliegende Blatter.

Reason Enough.

"Why does she sing with her mouth closed?"

"She has a falsetto voice and is afraid it will drop out."—Chatter.

He Meant It.

Miss Pomeroy (who isn't handling the gun like a true sportsman)—Does it kick?

Collingwood (enviously)—I wouldn't.—Judge.

A Suggestion.

To surface roads for abating the cigarette nuisance.—Puck.

A High Record.

Mr. Dumpsey (who catches Johnny amongst his mother's fresh tarts)—Look here, Johnny! What are you up to?

Johnny (indistinctly)—Up to the ninth, pa, but they're awfully small!—Burlington Free Press.

A Clever Dog.

"Why, do you suppose, Rover always carries his tail between his legs lately?"

"He never did it until we moved into a flat. I think he is afraid of hitting things, you know. He is so clever."—Fliegende Blaetter.

In the Other Jaw.

Aunt Mary—Poor Budge! Does your tooth ache yet? If 'twere mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

Budge—If 'twere yours! Well, auntie, so would I.—Harper's Young People.

The Hardest Thing.

"But tell me, what was there so hard to bear in the penitentiary?"

Discharged Prisoner—The piano practice of the superintendent's wife.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Busted.

"It has been a long time since we met," said the father of the prodigal son.

"Not for me, father. It has been a time of most infernal shortness."—Life.

A Precaution.

He—We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared?

She—Not a bit, if you take the cigar out of your mouth.—Texas Siftings.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

SHE OFFERS A LETTER ON WOMEN'S WORK IN ENGLAND.

The Inspiring Hand of Lady Sandhurst. Mrs. Besant and the Lucifer Match Makers—The Trades Unions—Society of Lady Artists—The Thimble League.

LONDON, June 5.—On reading the daily press of England one would almost be inclined to suppose that the women of Great Britain had little to do with public life. With a fashionable wedding or a grand ball, according to the newspaper report, the sphere of woman would seem to end. But if we seek out facts and honestly chronicle them we must adopt quite another conclusion. Indeed, such a harvest of societies, leagues and associations do we gather in that a selection from among them becomes difficult. Almost each month brings a new crop of some sort of associated effort on the part of women, and the field is becoming crowded indeed, for the old societies continue with a vigor ever perennial. Among the most important societies formed this last year is one in which Lady Sandhurst has been the inspiring and guiding hand.

For a long time the working women of London have felt their lack of organization whenever a dispute arose between them and their masters. A little over a year ago, when the girls employed by Bryant & May, the leading match manufacturers in the metropolis, struck for higher wages, little regard would they have received had it not been for the instant and efficient help of Mrs. Besant. This lady is a born organizer and leader, and she soon had brought the chaotic ranks of these match girls into line, so they could cope advantageously with their employers. This strike, with its disorderly beginning and successful close, was a splendid object lesson for the working women of London.

Realizing their power when united they are now ready to work in with Lady Sandhurst's idea of forming a great trades union of all the women wage earners in the metropolis. Of course the object of this work could be more efficiently accomplished if the trades unions among men were to open their doors to women, and demand that all should have equal pay for equal work and all a fair day's wage. But unfortunately John Bull's brain moves slowly. The men do not yet see that they must carry women with them into the promised land or be barred out themselves by having women usurp their places in the onward march, and underbid them in every labor market. So, since the British unions have not adopted the broad and wise demands which I understand the Farmers' Alliance and the Knights of Labor in America have embodied in their programme—viz., enfranchisement for women and equal pay for equal work—we must welcome as a timely departure the society inaugurated this winter by Lady Sandhurst.

It is pleasant to turn from more commonplace subjects sometimes to the world of art. But all is not "sweetness and light" even here. Just as I think the union of men and women in trade societies or in government is necessary if the most thorough reform is to be accomplished, so I deprecate any separation of men and women artists. I am opposed to either sex drawing aside and forming an exclusive association. The "Society of Lady Artists" is, I feel sure, a tactical error from all points of view. Women are already far too apt to make studies of flowers and fruits and portraits of characterless babies. It is to their own interest, then, not to cut themselves off from the criticism of their brother artists, not to forego the valuable lesson of comparing their work with that of men who have won their artistic laurels in the eyes of the world. It is really the women outside the "Society of Lady Artists" who are making their names famous. Countess Feodore Gleichen, the sisters Montalba, Mrs. Rae, Lady Butler—these are artists to whom the world accords high praise. Countess Feodore Gleichen shows a thorough appreciation of form in the busts and statues she exhibits in the academy, and Mrs. Rae has shown both courage and ability in dealing with the nude figure. Lady Butler's battle pictures and the varied work of the Misses Montalba also hold their own—aye, and more than hold their own—in the open competition on the walls of the Royal academy. If a picture cannot do this, whether it be by man or woman, the artist has clearly mistaken his or her vocation, and no amount of exhibitions of hole and corner societies, where membership replaces talent as a reason for the hanging of certain pictures, will convey the smallest honor or kudos to the painter who cannot face the open competition of the world of art. Before the great question of art all distinctions of sex should vanish. The true artist is an artist before everything. The mere fact of being a man or a woman is a question of detail with which the world at large has nothing at all to do. "By their works ye shall know them" is true in all branches of art, painting, music, sculpture, literature. If the work is good, so much the more praise if a woman, one of a class of beings whose mental development may be said as yet to be only in leading strings, should have accomplished it. If the work is bad, no plea of sex should save it from condemnation. Therefore I look upon such societies as that of the "Lady Artists" as a deliberate step backward in art education, and the sooner it is disbanded and its members merged into the innumerable societies of their brother workers in art the better it will be for those women painters who look upon their vocation seriously.

I have recently received the yearly report of an excellent society founded by women. Its coat of arms, appearing at the head of each notice, fully explains its field of work and is suggestive of domesticity and all manner of womanly offices. The charge on the field of the escutcheon is very clear; for the bend is a pair of scissors, the bend sinister a threaded needle, and at the fess point a determined looking little thimble; on the scroll is emblazoned the words "Thimble League." The object of this society is to bring in the matter of sewing the consumer and worker together, and to do away with the middleman and his huge profits and sweating system. The Dowager Countess of Winchilsea deserves high praise for the businesslike manner in which she has carried out the ideas of the society. Centers have been established all over London, and all those who desire sewing done can feel sure that the Thimble league will get it done in the best and speediest manner, that the seamstress will get a fair wage and that the work will go to those who most sorely need it. There has been a movement in America, I understand, just as there has been here, urging upon ladies the duty of giving their sewing into the hands of some deserving woman, and refusing to buy the ready made garments at shops, or even to order underclothes made by large firms. The reason given is undoubtedly a legitimate one; i. e., that most shops cut their workwomen down to starvation wages. But I hear on all hands, in America and England, complaints of the inefficiency of that same "deserving woman." It is a perfect vexation of spirit to try to get even the simplest garment made outside the shops. It would almost seem as if the large firms had monopolized all the competent workwomen. So to those who have conscientious scruples as to wearing things made by some poor, overworked, underpaid soul, and at the same time have not time nor patience to take the "deserving woman" in hand, the Thimble league, with its assurance that any garment ordered will be properly made on the shortest notice, and that the worker will get a fair wage, is a veritable blessing.

While we are on this question of sewing let me point out one department of the Lady Guides association which fills a wide gap in domestic economy.

To many a busy wife the family mending is a perfect nightmare. With the many calls upon her she really has not time to darn the holes and rents of the entire household. From the Lady Guides she can get a competent woman to come and put all thoroughly to rights. This useful association not only makes us whole again, but it sends out ladies to pilot strangers through the mazes of London, to conduct them to all its wonders, to advise and direct them in shopping matters. As they have employes who can speak any language, they are ready and competent to enlighten foreigners from all parts of the world as to the ins and outs of metropolitan life.

G. S. W. Campbell

The Fashions in Paris.

One of the prettiest of the new styles seen in Paris is in a Worth costume of pearl gray faille, princess shape, with all the edges of the trained skirt and drapery cut in vandyke points under which is a black velvet bordering. The sleeves were made in the same way. The cor-

GRAY FAILLE TOILET.

sage was cut low back and front with the same points over velvet, and the neck was filled in with lace. The sleeves had a full pouf at the top, and the high collar was cut in points with a narrow edge of crepe lisse. With this is to be carried a fan of pearl gray crepe with silver flowers embroidered upon it.

A well known habit maker has just completed a very handsome full costume. There is a gown of soft India silk in apple green with large crescents of shaded brown upon it, and a wrap of Spanish lace lavishly trimmed with jet and gray pearl beads in Spanish style. The sleeves

A HANDSOME FULL COSTUME.

are gathered high upon the shoulders and have bows of faille ribbon, as also at the neck and waist, both back and front. The gloves are light brown and the shell hat of ecru with masses of pale green leaves and faded yellow roses. This happy combination sets off a dark beauty very effectually.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

What Is the Reason of the Prejudice Against Women Boarders?

About this time of the year you see in the newspapers advertisements offering pleasant, airy rooms to summer boarders, "gentlemen preferred." In most cases the boarding houses thus advertising are run by women themselves, who thus set before the world publicly an example of discriminating cruelly and bitterly against their own sex. How can we ever expect men to do justice to women when we ourselves treat each other like that? I am satisfied there is no reason for this discrimination except a cruel prejudice, far fetched, from times that were worse than pagan. Women boarding house keepers! if you never did a disinterested act in the course of your hardworked lives begin now, and for the sake of your own sex never insert that hateful clause in an advertisement again. I know it is not much fun keeping boarders. If I had my choice between that and going to purgatory I would take the latter and lighter punishment. But do consider for once. Women boarders do not "hang about the house" any more, as they used to. They eat their breakfast and go off to business like little men. They do not expectorate on the carpets or break the furniture. They do not smoke. They do not come home drunk at 3 o'clock in the morning and raise the house with ringing the front door bell because they are too befuddled to find the key hole. They don't eat as much as men, though I am glad to say they are doing better in this respect lately, and eating more than in the sentimental days when they lived on toast and tea. I have been investigating this subject and the only objection I find to the girls is that they wash their stockings and handkerchiefs in their wash basins and want to heat an iron once a week on the laundry stove, to iron them with. Well, what of it? That does not annoy anybody, and it's a good deal better to wash the things than to let them go without, isn't it? No, bless the girls! I yield to no woman alive in my admiration of the masculine sex, of their intellectuality, their lionlike strength, their broad, generous tolerance, yes, and their good looks! When men have kept their bodies at their best, and are not too fat, or tumble down old wrecks, there is not an object in nature more splendid than they. I have always appreciated them, I confess. Now, I hope that is satisfactory. But if I had to take my choice between living in a house with all the boarders men or all women, I should take the women. What pleasure I have had with my women comrades! clean, kindly, loyal, sympathetic, merry. While I like men, as I have said, I must own that the truest friends of my life have been women, and it hurts me, this discrimination against women boarders.

For twenty-two years the ladies of the National Woman Suffrage association have been told at their annual conventions that they had not gained a peg in the way of progress since they began. Now, however, they can retort on their persecutors that they have gained one peg, just one. The judiciary committee of the house of representatives have agreed to recommend an amendment to the national constitution entitling women to vote. This has never happened in either house of congress before. The nearest approach to anything like it in the senate was the appointment last year of a committee on woman suffrage. But the progress is really very little. The house committee recommend the passage of the amendment, it is true. Then the house itself must pass the amendment. After that the senate, in its lumbering, awfully slow way, would take it up. Say that in the course of three years or so the senate actually did pass the amendment, too. Then it would still have to go before the states, to be ratified by three-quarters of them. The whole process would take several years. Moreover, the question is still in dispute whether the decision as to woman suffrage belongs properly to congress or to the legislatures of the several states. Wyoming has decided this for herself, territorially, by admitting women to the right of full suffrage.

I have been looking over a report of the work done the past year by a number of women's clubs. On the whole the work is encouraging, and deals largely with the burning questions of today, the things on which hangs the earthly salvation of men and women. But some of the rubbish these women have been packing into their brains is disappointing. While not half the women know in what congressional district they live, while not one woman in twenty has studied the United States constitution or that of the state in which she lives, while not one woman in a hundred can give an intelligent abstract of the laws governing the property rights of married women and widows in her own state, I submit whether it does not look a little far fetched to be investigating the works of the early Russian poets. That is all.

One of the edifices in Detroit is the Mary W. Palmer Methodist Episcopal church. Of the women who have given millions of money to churches Mrs. Palmer is about the only one who has received any recognition of the fact that was worth mentioning. Where else in Protestant Christendom is a church named for a woman?

Miss Elizabeth Bisland says that the most beautiful people on earth are in Singapore. Their eyes are like jewels, their complexions like polished bronze, and their walk and carriage like that of gods and goddesses. The men are even more beautiful than the women. In saying this Miss Bisland states a fact in race development. Among savages and uncivilized peoples the men are always taller proportionally, handsomer and more finely formed than the women. In the progress of evolution man gets his development first. Woman has not yet had her complete development in any race. But it will come.

The law represents only widowers, says The Woman's Journal.

Eliza Archard Conner

He Caved.

About 10 o'clock the other night a watchman at the foot of Griswold street saw a man acting so queerly that he approached and demanded what he was doing there.

"Going to jump into the river," was the reply.

"When?"

"Right off."

"Not here!"

"Yes, right here."

"What for?"

"Nothing to live for."

"See here," said the watchman, as the man peeled off his coat, "I wish you'd do me a favor. I never hit a man a good stout punch in my life. If you are bound to go in I wish you would stand with your heels to the edge of the wharf and let me swing my right on your nose."

"Not if I know myself I won't!"

"But why? You might as well be found drowned with a broken nose as a whole one."

"I allow no one to punch my nose if I can help it."

"Well, you are a mighty particular man."

"And you are a mighty mean one!"

"Don't sass me!"

"And don't you rub against me!"

And after holding himself ready for a row for a couple of minutes the stranger put on his coat and sauntered off, saying that the man who touched his nose had better tackle a six foot buzz saw.—Detroit Free Press.

A Disregard for the Expense.

Mr. Boller (who has been out a little too long)—D-don't we run in s-soon?

Skipper—Got ter take another tack, sir.

Mr. Boller—Car [illegible] whole p-paper of 'm if it'll fetch us any q-q-quicker. I'll pay [illegible]—[illegible]

A Little Boy's Effort.

T——, a little boy of 9, handed in the following composition on George Washington:

"George Washington was the father of his country one day he went into his farthers yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father I am trying to tell a lie and cannot when he grew up he was president and was killed by a man named getto who was jellish of him and the no 9 engine house was draped in black."—Harper's Bazar.

An Unreasonable Rule.

Uncle Hiram—Wal, wal; I'm not used to sleepin' in a room with a light burnin' in it; but if that's the rule of the house I'll have to do my best.—Munsey's Weekly.

Wouldn't Stay to Be Cooked.

A friend of mine is very fond of lobster, but, like many men, has no idea how much food is prepared. His wife had occasion to be absent from home one day last week, and she told the servant girl to boil a lobster for my friend's dinner. She left a note telling her husband of the treat she had provided for him, and requesting him not to wait dinner for her. He was quite hungry when he reached home, and after reading the note said to the servant: "Is that lobster ready?"

"Indade it isn't, sor," said the girl.

"Well, hurry up with it. I'm as hungry as a bear," said he.

"I can't, sor," said the girl. "The mistress said to broil the lobster, and I got him on the gridiron after a dale of fuss. The more I poked the fire the more he walked off, and I thought the baste was haunted and no good would come from cooking a straddle bug like that."

"What did you do with it?" said my friend, getting mad.

"Faith, the last I saw of him he was going out the back door with his tail up, like the maniac he was."

He had sardines and crackers for dinner.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Life's Romance.

"See that young lady?" queried a young man on a ferryboat yesterday of his companion.

"Yes."

"I was engaged to her once."

"You don't say."

"See that poodle dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, he broke our engagement."

"No! What's the story?"

"It was on this very boat. We had come down for an evening ride. We sat right over there, and after a bit I got up to get her a drink of water. While I was gone her poodle got into my chair, and when I returned I sat down on him."

"But if the girl really and truly loved you?"——

"Oh, she did that."

"But"——

"But she loved the poodle more. I smashed him as flat as a sheet of fly paper. She picked him up, squeezed him back into shape and then said that we must part forever. We have been strangers since."—Detroit Free Press.

Ruins to Order.

Tourist—These are beautiful mountains; but how much more picturesque would they look if there was an ancient ruin on the summit.

Hotel Keeper—Yes, I believe an ancient ruin would draw more tourists; next year I am going to have one built.—London Tit-Bits.

Evening Up.

Angry Guest (at summer hotel)—Your porter has just smashed my trunk and ruined—you hear me, sir?—ruined a fine suit of clothes.

Clerk—That's all right. Forgot to tip the waiter for a day or two and we'll call it square.—New York Sun.

A Wicked Plot.

First Poet—I am going to get even with the editor of The Nogood Magazine.

Second Poet—How?

First Poet—I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the mucilage on the return envelope.—Puck.

The Difference.

"It never rains but it pours!"

"What is the matter now?"

"Johnny broke his arm and keeps hollering all the time."

"I hear him. Never rains but it pours. I should say it never pains but he roars."—Chicago Ledger.

In a Bad Way.

Lady (in a tone of sympathy)—How's your husband today, Aunt Dinah?

Aunt Dinah (gloomily)—He's mighty bad off, Miss Mary. Two of his lungs is teetotally gone an' de [illegible] is done 'gun to work orn another one.—Harper's Bazar.

Educational Item.

First Boy—How do you like your new teacher?

Second Boy—He is not a lightning teacher. He strikes several times in the same place.—Texas Siftings.

His Specialty.

Miss Beacon—This waltz is divine! Do you ever dance the Lancers, doctor?

Dr. Boylston—No; but I sometimes lance the dancers.—Boston Budget.

Her Search.

A gentleman in search of a man to do some work met on his way a highly respectable lady, not so young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man?"

"No, I cannot," she replied, smiling; "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."—London Fun.

Just Married.

It is said that an Omaha doctor kisses his wife seventy-five times a day. That's what might be called a good practice.